

Excellent New Song lately composed

INTITULED,

The New way of Pittcathly Well. Or, The Gentlemans Love to his Mistress.

To the Tune of, Pollwarth on the Green.

(1)

ONE Morning as I walk't
In the gay Time of the Year,
When Sporting Nymphs do Frisk about
To drink the Water clear,
Amongst the rest I spyed a Nymph,
Whose Beauty did excell,
The Croud of Nymphs that now resort,
The fam'd Pittcathly Well.

(2)

With Dying Looks I view'd her;
And could not shun, but say,
Pray make me your Pupilian,
She blushing said me Nay.
I ask't at her, to take a Walk,
She fear'd we would be seen,
Well take a walk in Woods or Groves,
In our Pittcathly Green.

(3)

Our Striving much at last,
Kind Nature took my Part,
We Walk't by Neptun's pleasant Streams
Till Jeanny won my Heart.
Were I sole Monarch of the Glob,
I'd give it all to thee;
For all the Maids about the Well,
My Jeanny bears the Glee.

(4)

When I come home at Noon,
Refresh'd with Country Air,
Each courts his Mistress up and down
And I my Fannie fair.
We dance right kind upon the Green,
And All sing merrily:
Pittcathly Well invites you All,
Come here good Company.

(5)

When I go Home at Night,
With Love and care oppress'd,
My Jeannes Image still presents,
And Robes me of my Rest,
I Dream of her my Souls Delight,
Whose Air and graceful mien,
Makes her envy'd by all the Nymphs
In our Pittcathly Green.

(6)

O were I but so blest!
as freely call the mine,
I'd treat thee in my Fathers House,
With Country Cheer that's fine
And if there be no Downy Beds,
I'd chose a place unseen,
Where Young Swans do often Shape,
There Nymphs a gown of Green.

FINIS.